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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLV. CHICAGO, JULY 12, 1900. NUMBER 20

The Congress of Religion.

ADOPTED AT THE SIXTH GENERAL SESSION, HELD IN BOSTON APRIL 24-29, 1900.

"The Congress of Religion, assembled at Boston in its sixth general session, would set forth the spirit that it seeks to promote and the principle for which it stands.

"It recognizes the underlying unity that must characterize all sincere and earnest seekers of God and welcomes the free expression of positive convictions, believing that a sympathetic understanding between men of different views will lead to finer catholicity of mind and more efficient service of men. Hence, it would unite in fraternal conference those of whatever name who believe in the application of religious principles and spiritual forces in the present problems of life.

"Believing that the era of protest is passing and that men of catholic temper are fast coming together, it simply seeks to provide a medium of fellowship and co-operation where the pressing needs of the time may be considered in the light of man's spiritual resources.

"It lays emphasis upon the value of this growing spirit of fraternity, it affirms the religious value and significance of the various spheres of human work and service, and it seeks to generate an atmosphere in which the responsibilities of spiritual freedom shall be heartily accepted equally with its rights and privileges."

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

VACATION

HOW TO SPEND IT.

WHERE TO GO.

WHAT TO SEE.

WHAT TO READ--

SEE

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"Go to a good birdy place and sit down until the birds come" is the good rule offered by a writer in *Bird Lore* for June in an article entitled "How to conduct field classes for the study of birds." This is also a good rule for vacation hunters. In these days the problem of how and where to spend "vacation" is a sore distraction to thousands of tired preachers and teachers. The experience of previous years will not prevent them from repeating the wearisome tale. Soon thousands will be chasing railroad trains, carrying plethoric "grips," exhausting purse and nerve in search of something they call "rest" seeking change when they need quiet, hunting variety when the familiarity of the commonplace is what would most minister to the soul. The wise will seek the *resort* that is farthest removed from the *resorters*. Brain-weary teachers do not need the excitement of a crowd or the stimulus of the advertised attractions of nature, but they need the quiet obscurity of the glen and the brook that is far removed from the pages of the guide book. There is no indirect advertisement in this note. The editorial connecnection of UNITY to "Tower Hill" is to well understood. With the first of July the sanctum as well as the counting room of UNITY will be moved to that hillside that has the river view where the "Bits of Wayside Gospel," advertised above, were thought out, felt out, lived out and literally written out. UNITY cordially extends an invitation to its readers to come and spend midsummer days with it among the trees, where the mourning dove builds its nest and the whip-poor-will announces the bedtime. But if not Tower Hill, may it be some similar nook. A crooked tree, a small stream, a little hill have ministering power as well as the straight tree, the big stream and the high mountain, if there is only the escape from self-consciousness, self-concern and self-pretense.

Editorial Note in UNITY of June 7, 1900.

UNITY

VOLUME XLV. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1900. NUMBER 20

Harvard adds another hero to its list. The name of Harding has been added to the honor role. He was the boy in the recent boat-race with Yale that twice rose to consciousness to grasp his oar before he fell forward into the coxswain's lap in a dead faint; thus, according to the newspapers, "making the victory of Yale hollow." The world loves a hero—tales of valor stir the blood—but is it not possible to waste first-class enthusiasm on second-class causes? Was the rowing crew of Yale a foeman worthy such steel? If later along the valiant Harding will be found fighting for an unpopular cause, fainting, and, if need be, dying for a truth unpopular, then indeed the theory of the athletes will be vindicated and the expenditure of time, money and enthusiasm which the boat-race implied will be justified.

David Starr Jordan, whose words always command attention, makes conspicuous the July *Cosmopolitan* by contributing the eleventh article on "Modern College Education." It is a special consideration of Herbert Spencer's question, "What knowledge is of most worth?" Mr. Jordan, himself a president of a great university, says: "Undigested ideas become moral poison; no one can tell how much of the bad morals and worse manners of the conventional college boy of the past has been due to intellectual dyspepsia from undigested words." Further along he says: "The keynote of the future culture must be constructive individualism, the foundation of its method must be 'knowing men by name.'" The editor commenting on this article still deplores the absence on college faculties of bodies of men whose business it will be to pass upon the relative importance of studies in each individual case. The conclusion enforced by article and comment is that there is great waste of money and nerve at the present time in college halls; parents spend precious strength, time and love in giving to their children "an education" that only adds to the helplessness. The culture that increases one's wants while it reduces one's powers to meet those wants is a curse to be avoided. Let parents look to it.

A recent number of the Chicago *Record* notices editorially the civic losses of Hawaii in passing finally under United States law, an event which but recently transpired. Among the losses enumerated are: 1. "A convenient, prosperous" postal savings bank system which was utilized by more than ten per cent of the population. With a population of only one hundred and ten thousand the government held in deposit over one million dollars, on which it paid good interest and which it found much to its service. 2. Hawaii loses a parcel-post, which carried large packages at low rate of postage, not only within the borders of the island, but between many of the countries of the world. 3. A simple and low schedule of import duties is exchanged for what the *Record* calls "the complex and extravagant tariffs and the war tax of the United States." Hawaii is not alone in losing these evidences of advance government; even the Porto Rico that has been adjudged unworthy of the protection of the constitution of the United States has lost a postal telegraph system "which even under the Spanish rule was profitable and contributed materially to the revenues of the postoffice department. And still the *Record* is supposed to be mildly committed to expansion. If our statesmen were as diligent in trying to discover and profit by the good points in the conquered people as they are in proving their incapacity for self-government, it might be better for our own government as well as for those powers which we would "benevolently assimilate."

Charles Booth has established by careful calculation what he calls the "margin of poverty" in London and has found that a guinea a week per family represents the minimum resources that will save that family from dependency and degradation, pauperism or starvation. So somewhere there is a margin of prosperity beyond which selfish possession and personal administration cannot go without breaking with the obligations of life and proving traitor to the trust. Where that margin of prosperity is to be placed it is not for us to determine, but certainly the signs of the times seem to indicate that there is a tendency to enforce a recognition of this principle by the law of the land and still more by the law of the individual conscience. The day is at hand when the wealthy man must apologize to the community for his wealth; he must prove his right to it by showing himself a scrupulous administrator of it. And if we believe in the native generosity of the human heart, we shall have more interest in the development of the individual conscience than in the attempt to enforce justice by the clumsy methods of legislation. This is the new light and the new life that are breaking upon the economic and commercial world of to-day. The *noblesse oblige*, the obligation of the noble, is the highest hope of our times.

Silas B. Cobb was one of the best known of Chicago multi-millionaires. He has but recently died. At the time of his death his estate was estimated at from two to three million, but the recent official inventory brings it up above $5,250,000—only $1,000,000 of which is in real estate; the rest is in shares, stocks, bonds and similar securities—the long schedule of which lies before us: 6,327 shares in the Chicago City Railway Company, 100 shares in the First National Bank of Chicago, 2,000 shares Diamond Match Company. So

runs the list through most of the leading trunk railways, coal companies, telegraph companies, government bonds, etc. Of this vast estate only $87,500 is bequeathed to public interests, known in the schedule as "charities." One-third goes to the only daughter, the remaining two-thirds, "inasmuch as a sister has a fortune in her own right," is left in trust to three grandchildren, now of a tender age. A study of this schedule of bonds shows that this vast estate has been accumulated not by the industry or creative power, but by the manipulative skill of the testator. So far as the manipulation of stocks is legitimate, doubtless this represents an honestly accumulated fortune, but it is self-evident that it is a fortune that would have been impossible were it not for the cumulative energy and capitalized industries of what may well be called the "public." The "unearned increment" in this fortune is represented by an immense plus to that which was earned by the sagacity, thrift and foresight of him who acquired the title. The only light in which such a testament can be justified is that which regards the heirs more competent to administer the public share of this wealth than the accumulator of the same. We are not of those who believe that the wise administration of a fortune necessarily justifies the fortune; but we do believe that public sentiment should enforce the unwritten law of equity in these matters and increasingly demand that the Public, the unarticled partner in such fortunes, should be recognized and its rights respected. If a man lives to accumulate he should at least die to distribute. Such is the law of nature in the physical realm; such should be the choice of human nature in the spiritual realm.

Rev. R. Heber Newton, in the July number of *Mind*, has an article entitled "The New Thought of the Christ." He says:

> No intelligent person can misunderstand the meaning of all this new thought. It means that the orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation is an interpretation of the Universe as read in the light of the moral law; of the Cosmos deciphered as a thought of God; of that thought as constituting the ideal of a perfected humanity; of this Logos, or Thought-Word, as identified with the man who completely embodies the moral law—who lives the human ideal. The identification of Jesus with the Logos means the identification of the character of Jesus with the Law which is at the heart of the Universe. It is the sublime affirmation that the "Conscious Law" which is "King of kings" is none other than the Moral Law. It thrones that Law above the Universe. It reads God's purpose in the creation in the light of the life of Jesus—the Good-man. It sees the Universe as the outworking of the Divine Drama, whose denouement is the ultimate triumph of goodness, the realized thought of God, the unfolded purpose of the heavenly Father. It beholds the hastened process of evolution in the story of Jesus. The culmination of evolution is, then, the vision of St. Paul: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

"The Eclipse of Poetry" is the title of a searching sonnet by Ada Foster Alden in the July *Century*. In the sonnet the poet bemoans the world where the beautiful art is thrust aside and dreams of the more glorious day when poetry her "larger sovereignty" shall find. But the present day has not come to so sad a pass as this. The James H. West Company of Boston have just put forth a significant little volume entitled "Liberty Poems, Inspired by the Crisis of 1898-1900." Here are seventy-three poems, making a volume of 120 pages, proving by the law of contraries that "false is the war no poet sings." The poems stir the freedom-loving cords of the human heart, they are instinct with conscience and eloquent with the moral indignation that is aroused by the sight of the strong riding over the rights and the wishes of the weak. Twenty thousand of the little brown men of the Philippine Islands have been murdered in order that these islands might be "benevolently assimilated" by the United States government—the administration of which assumes a passion for helpfulness. Nearly fifty authors are here represented. Among the poems are found Anna L. Diggs' "Little Brown Brothers," Ernest Crosby's "The Pirate Flag," "The Dewey Arch," and "The Peace Congress;" John W. Chadwick's "In Heaven's Livery," duly credited to the *New England Magazine;* William C. Gannett's "At the Peace Congress," not duly credited to UNITY; Labouchere's "Retort to Kipling;" Howard S. Taylor's "What Would Lincoln Say?" Richard Le Gallienne's "The Cry of the Little Peoples;" Francis E. Abbott's "Old Glory," "New Shames," and many others, coming to a climax in William Lloyd Garrison's noble sonnet-sequence of thirteen sonnets pulsing with the red-hot indignation that proves the prophet-blood that flows in his veins. This book can be obtained in paper for 25 cents, cloth 75 cents. No better campaign document will be issued this fall, because the highest persuasive power still rests with the poet and the American voter is still susceptible to the eloquence inspired by the love of liberty and the hatred of wrong. We wish that a million copies might be distributed.

The Politics of Religious Journals.

The *Outlook* and the *Independent* represent the leading would-be religious weeklies that aspire also to wield a civic influence and to be heard effectually in current politics. Many are watching with interest the development of the political conscience as represented in the columns of these great weeklies. The last week's issues of these papers may be well considered Republican Convention numbers, and their editorial attitude during the next campaign is pretty well prefigured. The *Outlook,* with a show of fairness, reports the Philadelphia convention from both the Republican and Democratic point of view. But the editorial comment of the convention shows that the *Outlook* is pleased and it may be expected that in the future as in the past this paper is mildly with the administration. It has an apologetic appreciation of McKinley, in order to carry out which it invents the distinction so convenient to the politician, so dangerous to the moralist and to the man whom religion means single mindedness, viz., between the "reformer" and the "man of affairs," assigning McKinley approvingly to the latter rather than to the former class. With Roosevelt the *Outlook* seems also well pleased. Its religion seems to have a place for "rough riders" and that baronial ethics that makes war a means of grace and killing a Christian accomplishment. So pleased is the *Outlook* with the Philippine planks in the platform that it calls it "the *Outlook's* own ground," viz., the maintenance of law and order for the establishment of good government, while it neither offers nor proposes to offer any

independence to the Philippines such as is offered to Cuba. In short the *Outlook* swallows the whole platform—a protective tariff, a fortified inter-oceanic canal, a Philippine dependency, etc.

The *Independent* is more guarded in its indorsement and evidently finds much less to its liking. It seems to imply that the administration is getting credit for some things that it is not responsible for and the most it can say in favor of the administration is that it has been such as to "satisfy conservative Americans." The platform, it admits, is not an "agressive one." "Cautious diplomacy has pared so much away that in some places what remains is thin and meaningless." "With respect to civil service it falls below a series of platforms that have preceded it." As regards the Philippines, it says: "So important a question might well have been treated at greater length." Farther along it says, "We regret that the convention did not assert a purpose to apply the merit system rigidly to the service on the islands."

We have thus undertaken to epitomize the attitude of the two leading religious journals of America, not for the sake of criticism or approval, but to show what seems to us not only the rights but the duties of religious journalism. Doubtless the readers of these journals will not be content with the political discussions found in their columns, still less will they feel called upon to give assent to the same. Neither will the intelligent reader cry "Stop my paper," when he dissents from the editorial attitude.

We believe that these papers have set a good example to their weaker associates. If the editors of would-be religious papers would only speak out upon the great questions there would be a better opportunity for their readers to judge of their religiousness and to estimate the ethical value of the editorial intellect and conscience. We may report further on the political attitude of our religious exchanges in the coming campaign.

GOOD POETRY.

The Hero.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"O that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride and not her scorn:
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born!'

"But, now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly and first to rally
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! Hu!" through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders,
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks a word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
"Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"
—*John G. Whittier.*

The Liberal Congress of Religion.

Sixth General Session.

The Meetings of the Sixth General Session of the Congress Stenographically Reported by Rev. W. S. Key, Assistant Secretary.

Study of Religions.

Opening address of Dr. Lewis G. James, chairman:

One of the leading factors in introducing that new point of view which has made possible such assemblies as the Liberal Congress of Religion, is the historical and comparative study of religions, in accordance with a scientific method, the materials for which have mainly been accumulated during the past century. In the first lecture of his course on "The Science of Religion," Prof. Max Muller, of Oxford University, that venerable pioneer in historical and comparative studies in religion and philosophy, says: "When the students of comparative philosophy boldly adopted Goethe's paradox, *'He who knows one language knows none,'* people were startled at first, but they soon began to feel the truth which was hidden beneath the paradox. * * * The same applies to religion. *He who knows one knows none.* There are thousands of people whose faith is such that it could move mountains, and who yet, if they were asked what religion really is, would remain silent, or would speak of outward tokens rather than of the inward nature."

In the more recent preface to the collected edition of his published works, Prof. Max Muller introduces this significant passage: "Religions have shared the fates of languages and mythologies. They have been studied historically and in a comparative spirit and they have thus been recognized as the natural outcome of the human mind, when brought in contact with nature, and with what is behind this phenomenal and perishable nature, the Invisible, the Eternal, the Divine. This is true religion, because natural religion, based on that touch of God through nature, which has been and will always remain the life-spring of all true religion, however much it may have been hidden for a time by those who, though human beings themselves, claimed for themselves the right to assign to their own religion a superhuman or miraculous origin. *What is natural is divine, what is supernatural is human.* * * * Whoever has followed the forward march of truth in these discoveries during the present century will understand what I mean by saying that the whole history of the world has been changed by them, that not only have ever so many baseless fabrics been swept away, but the study of man or of mankind has assumed a new meaning and dignity. * * * Is it no comfort to know that at no time and in no part of the world, has God left himself without a witness, that the hand of God is nowhere beyond the reach of babes and sucklings; nay, that it was from those rude utterances out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, that is, of savages and barbarians, that has been perfected in time the true praise of God?"

Wonderful indeed have been the transformations effected by this historical and comparative study. Religions are now seen to be all of one piece—the normal promptings of all, even the lowest, reaching out toward a divine reality that the highest and most developed have not yet compassed in its full significance and completeness; and all, even the noblest, still bearing the marks of our fallible human nature in error and imperfections which are the natural outgrowths of local environments and of the limitations of the finite mind.

A larger charity and a deeper sense of human brotherhood are therefore inculcated by the comparative study of religions. While we owe much to the labors of scholars, which have opened up to us, and even restored to their own peoples, the wisdom and literary treasures of the East, we are likewise beginning to recognize our indebtedness to those native teachers who are lending to the great work of accurate interpretation that atmosphere of sympathetic appreciation and conviction without which no true conception of an alien religious faith is possible. Even in the dogmatism and sureness of conviction which sometimes characterizes this teaching we may often see ourselves as in a mirror, while quite as frequently the sweet reasonableness and spirituality of the teacher sets a high example for our own emulation.

Unless I am much mistaken, this new contact with other faiths is in a large degree, and at no distant day, to revolutionize our missionary methods. Only a few days ago I received a letter from a Buddhist missionary in San Francisco, the Rev. K. Nishijuna, of Japan, sent primarily to minister to his own people, of whom he tells me there are some 15,000 in our Pacific States, but willing also to instruct Americans in the tenets of the Buddhist faith.

"We do not intend," he says, "merely to make converts, to proselyte Christian people to our faith or to so-called heathenism, but we will simply be satisfied if we succeed to make them broad-minded, to make them free from prejudices, envy, hatred, and so forth, which exist in every nation and in every tribe." A large task, indeed, has our friend laid out for himself in the midst of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, with its narrow provincialism and concert of racial superiority! "There is only one truth," he continues, "we believe, throughout the universe, and neither two nor three. And all religions in the world, and all sorts of sciences, are mere manifestations of one truth in its different degrees. The one truth, one universal truth, may be compared with a great ocean, and all religions and sciences with rivers that constantly flow into that ocean. The rivers may differ one from the others in their length, breadth and depth, yet their destination is one. So also it is the same with regard to religions and sciences. And the progress of the comparative study of religions should be one of the most important contributions to the pure and spiritual civilization in the future for which many deep thinkers of the world are equally working, hand by hand."

Surely, we may clasp hands with our Buddhist brother in the large charity of his conception of truth. Happy would it be for Christendom if its own missionaries could always go forth with a like Christian spirit, for the spiritual conquest of the world. Would that the great Ecumenical Council now in session in New York would meet this confession of faith with an answering word as broad, as charitable, as deeply infused with the true scientific conception of the nature, and eternal reality of religion and the conquering power of truth.

The Church in the Country.

Edw. P. Pressey, Montague, Mass.

"I will plead for my people whom they have scattered," said the ancient prophet.

If there were time I might portray as I sometimes have done the picturesque decay of many a New Eng-

land country church; and the differences between its problem and the city church problem would be interesting. But these brief minutes I will not occupy with descriptions or emphasizing differences, but in bringing out the deep principles of likeness. At heart the solution of all our problems is one; and consists not in schemes and devices, but in a word it consists in knowing and preaching the real truth, in having and giving real life.

Briefly, then, the problem is to the minister, the pastor, that the people are scattered as a flock without a shepherd. And a stranger they will not follow. First of all, there are abandoned parishes. I have seen whole townships destitute of a working church. Another generation had builded the "house of God" and a makeshift generation has abandoned it. I hope there are not a hundred such towns in New England. Yet there are hundreds of whole communities distinct almost as townships having abandoned wrecks of churches and societies that have never attached their loyalty to another. The people are still members of the dead church. Then vastly more numerous are the communities and whole townships, hundreds of them, that have churches that "have a name and are dead." Some of these, though highly endowed, keep open only spasmodically. One may depend upon a month of divinity students' preaching in July or two or three Sundays' preaching by some celebrated local minister in a year, or be for months and even years dependent wholly upon a misinformed and misguided young people's or women's society expressing the church life mainly through cake and bean suppers in lengthening perspective. The occasional and unsystematic religious starts at best are discursive and inadequate for any appreciable moral improvement. And lastly, there are communities which make up the larger number whose traditions have flowed on in unbroken succession, but whose membership is not amongst the people. They are the great unchurched, scattered on the hills and through vales, sleeping in the hamlet and even in the village under the very belfry shadow. The church keeps out the challenge to these, "Come!" And the great unwashed (they are so regarded) answer with challenge, "I will not come now; fetch me!"

Who have scattered the people? We answer first of all unhesitatingly, the man who has exposed the churches' lack of authority. Hell and punishment neither here nor hereafter are in her hands. And she is not now blessed as a great human institution, having been sometimes unmerciful in the days of authority to loose and bind. The church has no real jurisdiction that made up her ostensible ancient power. She must appeal to the highest in a man now or nothing; and as that is a great and difficult thing to do under most circumstances, the church is small under the new order of things. And many say that this is as it should be. Nothing has been lost. Freedom has been gained. The bondage of fear has been broken. Religion is made to mean the appeal of the highest and is no longer mixed up with the appeal of the police force.

But in reply to this there is the following argument in addition to the mighty instincts of religion in us that at times cry out for the gathering of the people in the holiest social communion. Man is least of all an individual. No man liveth unto and from himself successfully. He is a social birth. His life is in and by his fellow-men. And to and from them he lives and has his value. His life is their business through his own good purposes and achievements more than it is his own. Without consent he comes, lives, and dies, and nothing is more conspicuous in life than that every man continually wonders from first to last what is being done with him and to what end. Many generations of experience have determined the greater part of his impulses and motives. His infant self is an unwritten book upon whose plastic white pages they write almost what they will or think they must.

Now out of savagery it has always been the great business of mankind to be always determining just this thing, what shall be written on these white pages. This being a moral universe, experience in the long generations has taught much of the moral law, has taught that unforewarned men repeat the blunders of the past, and forewarned is forearmed. And therefore we have "the law of God" in our keeping with which to new arm the future. We need the church for that, we need to do it less superstitiously, more adequately, more efficiently. Hence we need a more hearty rallying round the church for the great moral Sunday-school that is to be, to learn the great ethics of the race, to learn how to make use of the true literature of devotion and of outdoor spiritual atmosphere, to sweeten and strengthen in us the love of truth. So shall a conscience arise in men that shall strive with their passion and injustice and dishonor and cruelty in their evil hour.

And besides this, we cannot be reconciled to the dissolution of the visible church on account of the vanishing of fear and legal jurisdiction. That very highest appeal we have newly defined as religion must be made to grow as a power amongst the people *because* fear is gone. *Therefore* we need the more to project into the world mightily the assertion of the spiritual life to unite men in a less fragile union than that of fear. Church attendance must be brought by ministers and people to truly mean a great amen to all good for a community, the church of God moving like a mighty army to make the highest motives in life felt by the very march of numbers, and the swelling of the voices of the heavenly cloud of witnesses.

And so may the church of God forever and forever span above the flood and drift of time and above this solid moral firmament the no less real though evanescent rainbow promises and delights of the spiritual universe of God, evolution, Christ-character and immortal life—evolution a perspective backward of the pathway of God walking lovingly in the perpetual sunrise of creation with his creatures, giving us, too, a deep sense of the infinite cost of these temples of the living God in which we dwell; Christ-character a perspective forward of the pathway of God into the eternal day of the transfiguration of the heirs of all things.

And, secondly, they have helped scatter the people who have insisted upon sworn beliefs. Beliefs formulated in an age of intense imagination must needs now be inharmonious with common knowledge. People don't believe what the churches still solemnly care for. The churches are too often shocked at the fuller knowledge of Him who cares for human life and lives in this present world. The people wait for the church to be converted to a true reverent common sense about the Bible, to science and evolution.

But I do not speak of this as if a new creed would help. Should creeds be rewritten, as is proposed, in the light of modern knowledge, I do not imagine they would be any appreciable factor in gathering the shepherdless. Though good church people laugh at their old creeds, they will not care any the more for a new. Creeds are seeds of schism because they are a standing challenge to every new thought and discovery and the differing thoughts of men; and fortunately thoughts, unlike things, cannot be cornered and dispensed solely from a center. No man or set of men can make a creed that will bind; they are for all time seeds of disintegration. There is no seat of authority in religious opinion. One day the Catholic said that seat was the

church; the Protestant, the Holy Scriptures; the Liberal, reason and conscience passed on from soul to soul, from age to age; the latest occult schools, the latent, sub-conscious self; to-morrow it will be elsewhere, to suit simply *the shifting emphasis* of human thought. And there is one optimistic sign connected with the propagation of this bedlam of strenuous beliefs; it does not cost the people like the old uniform pagan religions. We are free from the bitter charge of priestcraft. There is at worst a powerful inoculation of liberty and frankness in nearly every modern faith that bids for favor, so that they differ only as the stars of the sky differ in magnitude and glory.

If, then, there be any light to be seen we do not need to swear those who see it, more than the professors and students of physics swear to the law of gravitation. If it is so they will come to know it, and that settles it. What we need to do with our beliefs in the church just as elsewhere, because this world is one in God who unifies all things, is to cultivate the scientific spirit. That is healthy common sense at bottom; and the least of men has it in a measure by very reason of his nature. Common sense purged of errors of judgment and of ignorance and maintained in health is scientific sense, and refined out of animal grossness and applying its observations to the moral order to determine there what is really so, is religious sense. Or in general the scientific spirit is the spirit of cheerful renconcilement to everything that is "*so*." It does not cry over the broken machine or exploded still, but continues the experiment with patience. And so it does not mourn the failure of a life plan as if under the curse of God or devil, but knows that one simply has not met the requirements of the universe of God. But in all these things we know that we shall find Him who, in a universe that knows no such thing as loss, has never lost us and never will. It has been said that one had to be sworn to a creed that one might believe it after it was seen speckled with error. But the most sincere and terrible oath is weaker than a real knowledge of the truth to find a man.

And so real truth is glorified not by solemn covenant oaths, but by the rejoicing love of those who are brought to the knowledge of it.

> "A better church shall come the church of love;
> Men shall not ask their brother any more
> Believest thou; but lovest thou? and all
> Shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love.'"

And so we begin in these latter days to see the wisdom of those two commandments upon which hang all the binding rigidity of the law. A man is with Christ in God, only if his admirations are right, thinking of things pure, true, lovely, and just, all the day long, thus praying without ceasing. And if these things be in the teachings of the church and abound, it cannot be barren.

What matter if men do not believe all in the Bible after that? Once learn that back there God spoke so much through fallible human nature, and wonder grows that men and women had found so sweet a walk with God. And the wonder will grow from more to more into a holy admiration that will lead one to covet in these days at least an equal walk and talk with Him.

Again, what matter that men should have a theological opinion of Jesus? The only important thing is to know if it be true by experiment and infallible proof that for one to truly live is Christ.

And what matters close communion or any other form at all unless one's heart communes with brother and with God, unless one feels towards fellow communicants, or towards his own father's family, a sense of equal honor and success and equal burden-bearing, a quick and sensitive affection in every motion in life to maintain as children of one family.

And why jealously fix the aspects of God more than to define the ocean from the aspects of a single picturesque shore? For I suppose that the aspects of God are infinite to an infinite number of souls. And so I say let us love God and not define Him,

> "That be it what it may,
> Is still the common light of all our day,"

a person; yea! and more than person, no mere man even of the noblest imaginable type.

And in line with the spirit of clique is the venerable protestant method of labeling the outsiders "Before God Condemned," and the insiders "Before God Saved." No man is before God condemned unless God's law is worse than the better instincts of the Anglo-Saxon heart when so long ago they ruled that a man was innocent until condemned by a jury of his peers after due trial and proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Now the vast unchurched will not come to the dictation of the blind leaders of the purblind so long as these cliques of caste and spiritual pride hold matters in their keeping.

We do not need elaborate and ingenious devices to solve the country any more than the city church problem. We only need to bring from some source into which it has breathed in regular succession down through the ages, the spirit of the Nazarene, the living touch of life brought in persuasive reality to men. And, secondly, we need to take heed to the teaching, the ethical experience of the race of good and bad men that are gone.

The sum of the whole matter, then, in the words of the apostle, as I began with the words of the prophet, is to "take heed unto thyself and to thy teaching."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Leo Dayne.

Leo Dayne, by M. A. Kellogg, is a strong and simple novel which deals with a family of humble origin and unswerving integrity. We wish the tragedy of the father's death had not come, for Eben Dayne was an artisan, with the artist nature, whose conscience demanded perfection in all his work. Miss Kellogg gives her readers no stronger picture in this book than that of Eben's home-going. No longer a producer, he feels himself a usurper at his own hearth; his last appeal to his burdened wife meets with no other response than a sharp "Nonsense!" Mrs. Dayne's New England training forbade the expression of sentiment, and what sympathy could a heart offer whose wellsprings of tenderness had turned to bitter water?

After the father's death, Leo and her mother move to the factory town where the sons have lately gone, to find the boys in trouble. In a squalid part of the village, derisively called "Utopia," the new home is established, as the mother means to live down the disgrace and suspicion that now attaches to all the family.

Suppressing the desire for education in order to help the family, Leo goes to work, but finds leisure for church work and study as well. At this time her newly-awakened mind and ever-hungry heart find satisfaction in Roland Stuart, a young teacher. Quickly these young souls recognize their fitness for each other.

The love of her life was to Leo Dayne an inspiration and an anchor; talking with her lover, Leo says, "I have help in you; I have an impetus and firmness and strength; let us try to grow toward all goodness and die toward all evil." Does no note of warning reach the girl whose lover distrusts the enthusiasm for growth that does not "mention God?"

It sometimes happens that two sets of antagonistic influences act simultaneously upon a life. This came to Leo. Her happiness was shadowed by Roland's sister, who cunningly separates the lovers.

For months, unknown to any one but her rector, Leo had battled with religious doubt. To the little minister who believed that the Bible was propped by the very hand of God, Leo says:

"The old things ought not to be so dear if they are not true. If they are not true, then there are better things; and if they are true, I'm asking for them in asking for truth." During the trial of her faith, Leo loses her position and the church tells her, "No one can be refused the largest liberty, but no one can rightfully take, within the church, larger liberty than her articles define. If one wants more, let him go outside."

The hard duty remains—to tell Roland that the old faith no longer satisfies her need. Bravely Leo explains her distress of soul. She had hoped to dispel the doubts without troubling Roland. When half way through her story, Leo pauses, feeling Roland is against her, and Roland is saying to himself that this confession of hers was justification for his conduct during this same period; it was salve to his paining conscience, support to his threatened self-regard; and he made the most of it. Without waiting for Leo to tell more, Roland repulses and leaves her without a word. Deserted by her lover, and bereft of religious ties, living in the midst of distrustful fellow creatures, Leo gathers up the broken threads of life for a little time; bravely she works with failing strength, and in the end she finds, "There is an infinite comfort in an unchanging ideal unfalteringly pursued." A. B. K.

Books of Modern Thought.

This is the first volume of a series of three on physical science by Prof. Elisha Gray, and fulfils in a very satisfactory manner the promise made in the "Introductions" to furnish, in non-technical language and in the form of familiar talks, a general knowledge of the salient phenomena and the laws of these three universal elements. It is hardly necessary to remark that the book is fully abreast of the latest research and experimentation of natural science. It contains a brief but excellent chapter on "Liquid Air." All the chapters bring out into clearest relief the more important points of the subjects treated, and are enlivened with personal experiences and observations, and with occasional reflections on the problems of the higher human life, which are suggested by the topics under consideration. The little book will prove very suggestive to the general reader, and not without value to the teacher of physical science. W. P. SMITH.

*A much needed, convenient, inexpensive, lucid, comprehensive, up-to-date statement of the bearing of the doctrine of evolution upon the origin and development of man. The author has made a successful effort to give a clear and reliable popular presentation of man's progress from his animal beginnings unto the spiritual rank which he now holds.

The brief preliminary account of "Evolution versus Creation," in which the doctrine of direct creation and the evolutionary doctrine are skillfully and fairly contrasted, is followed by a chapter on "Vestiges of Man's Ancestry," in which some more recent physiological discoveries bearing upon this point are added to those adduced by earlier writers. Other significant chapters treat of the origin of language, the evolution of morality and man's relation to the spiritual. These are particularly important, as showing how modern research is bridging those chasms so long thought by many to be impassable by the evolutionary hypothesis.

As an instance of the author's suggestiveness, take the fruitful hint in the chapter on "The First Stage of Evolution," that the pygmies of Africa are examples of man at the point in his development when he had overcome the animal world. The index, unfortunately, has been omitted. G. R. P.

* Man and His Ancestor, A Study in Evolution, by Charles Morris. The Macmillan Company, New York and London, 1900. Cloth, 12mo., pp. VII and 238. $1.25.

They Call To Me Day and Night.

About me I see noble women,
  Alive to humanity's needs,
Whose hearts are in touch with all nature,
  Whose lives overflow with good deeds;
With leisure to follow love's promptings,
  To help make some other's path bright;—
I have only my little children,
  Who call to me day and night.

Then I think me of how many women
  Have never a baby to hold;
Who through the swift flight of the seasons
  Watch no tiny blossoms unfold;
Whose homes, howsoe'er grand and costly,
  No dear childish faces make bright;
To whom never comes the sweet music
  Of voices that call day and night.

And I think of the sorrowing mothers
  Whose birds from the home nest have flown,—
Flitted back through the portals of heaven
  While they linger sadly alone;
Whose homes, now so empty and quiet,
  Were once filled with laughter and light;
No more will those sweet baby voices
  Respond, though they call day and night.

I think, too, of others whose dear ones
  A fond mother's guidance have left,
Estranged by new scenes and companions
  From her, thus so sadly bereft;
Though she, as of yore, yearns to greet them,
  No response comes her love to requite,
While I—thank God, I have my children,
  And they call to me day and night.

—*Gazelle Stevens Sharp.*

Sleep.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

Heartsease.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
  But not until first worn by you—
Heartsease—of all earth's flowers most rare;
  Bring it; and bring enough for two.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Life grows better every day
If we live in deed and truth.

MON.—Hard indeed must a man be made
By the toil and traffic of gain and trade,
Who loves not the spot where a boy he played.

TUES.—All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

WED.—All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

THURS.—I ask not wealth but power to take
And use the things I have aright.

FRI.—Never since harvests were ripened,
Or laborers born,
Have men gathered figs of thistles
Or grapes of the thorn.

SAT.—Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

To conscience be true, and to man true,
Keep faith, hope and love in your breast,
And when you have done all you can do,
Why, then, you may trust for the rest.

—*Alice Cary.*

The Gladness of Nature.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—*William Cullen Brant.*

The Poet's Song to His Wife.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart,
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To Thee and Time!

Bryan Waller Proctor.

Trained Sparrows.

A barber in Kensington, England, has trained common sparrows from the street to fly in and out of his shop. The birds are never molested by the barber's customers, who have grown as fond of them as the barber himself. Sometimes, when the room is pretty well filled with the chirping little fellows, the barber will make a sweep with his hand, and pretend to catch a fly. Immediately all the birds will flutter over to him, and perch upon his arms, shoulders, or knees, and watch the hand in which the fly is supposed to be imprisoned. The barber opens his hand gradually, one finger at a time, while the birds sit with heads cocked to one side, expectantly waiting for the prize. If there should happen to be a fly there, there is a grand rush and a scramble of chirping rivals.—*The Churchman.*

Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou are worthy,
Thou unavailing commonplace
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which Love makes for thee!

—*Wordsworth.*

Some New Books.

The second edition of Dr. Paul Carus' *Soul of Man** appears as a volume in the *Religion of Science Library.* The author aims to present the facts of Psychology, Physiology and Anatomy connectively in their relations to each other and to Religion and Ethics. Among the many subjects discussed are "the nature of mind," "the origin and the organ of consciousness," "the correlation of natural and artificial sleep" (hypnosis), "the significance of pleasure and pain" and "the part death and immortality play in the economy of soul-life." The treatment is monistic. The author assumes the reality of the external world and of internal sensation; they are, however, coincident and as necessarily related as the concave and convex sides of a spherical shell or the two sides of a sheet of paper; they are two aspects of one thing. The style of the book is clear and nontechnical and there are many explanatory illustrations.

In 1888 Herbert Spencer published an article upon *The Ethics of Kant,* in which he assailed the teachings of the great German philosopher. Dr. Carus, who does not entirely hold the Kantian philosophy, has taken exception to Mr. Spencer's criticism in a paper entitled *The Ethics of Kant.* Later he continued his argument in later papers, *Kant on Evolution* and *Mr. Spencer's Agnosticism.* These papers really form a series and appeared first in *The Monist* and *The Open Court.* Mr. Spencer never made a detailed reply, but in republishing his *Ethics of Kant* (in *Essays Scientific, Political and Speculative*), he notices Dr. Carus' contention, in a footnote, and makes a somewhat unsatisfactory explanation. To this Dr. Carus' made reply, inviting Mr. Spencer to fully explain his attitude. This Mr. Spencer refused to do in a brief personal letter to Dr. Carus. In the book before us** we have the whole series of articles reprinted, with Mr. Spencer's footnote, Dr. Carus' comment and invitation and Mr. Spencer's letter. The book is interesting not only as a controversy, but for the light it throws on some points in Kant's position, which are easily misunderstood. The most startling impression upon the reader, however, will probably be made by Mr. Spencer's frank admission that he never read Kant. Is it not curious that a man should write on *The Ethics of Kant* when he can say, "My knowledge of Kant's writings is extremely limited. In 1844 a translation of his Critique of Pure Reason (then, I think, lately published) fell into my

hands, and I read the first few pages enunciating his doctrine of time and space; my peremptory rejection of which caused me to lay the book down. Twice since then the same thing has happened; for being an impatient reader, when I disagree with the cardinal propositions of a work I can go no further."

The MacMillan Co. is introducing into this country a series of handy and pretty little volumes called the *Temple Cyclopaedic Primers.**** They are small enough to slip into the pocket and each deals with a single subject. Three have so far come into our hands. The volume *Ethnology* is by Michael Haberlandt and has been translated from the German. The book could hardly have been interesting in the original, though it might be suggestive; the translation could hardly be worse. The translator did not understand the author and does not know either Ethnology, English or Geography. In its present form the book has no value; the publishers should at once replace it with a better translation. The volume *Greek Drama,* written by Lionel D. Barnett, is better. It is painfully scholarly in form —so much so as to be a little repellant to the ordinary reader, for whom it probably was intended. It is, however, comprehensible to one who reads with care. The origin of Greek Drama is traced and the history of Greek Tragedy and Comedy is followed. The work of the great dramatists, Aischylos, Sophocles, Euripides and Christophanes, is analyzed and that of lesser writers is mentioned. A good decipher of the theater and its appurtenances is given. Best of the three books in real interest and of true scholarly character is *Roman History,* by Julius Koch. It is no easy matter to present an adequate outline of Roman History in one hundred and sixty small pages. The work has been done in the philosophical spirit and well done. The scope of these *Temple Primers* is wide; plainly the publishers mean the books to be up to date and by competent authorities. They will doubtless serve a useful purpose and deserve patronage. But it is due the authors selected that their thought shall be well rendered; as much care should be shown in selecting the translator as the writer.

We have held Miss Fletcher's book, *Indian Song and Story from North America,***** for some time, intending to make it the excuse for an extended notice of recent studies of Indian Music. For this we have not yet found time and it is hardly fair to Miss Fletcher's book to delay longer. Anyone who knows at all of work in North American ethnology knows of Miss Fletcher. She has been intimately and sympathetically acquainted with many different tribes, especially, however, with the Omahas. She has long been interested in Indian Music and in 1893 published a *Study of Omaha Indian Music.* That was intended for the student; the new book before us appeals to a larger and more popular audience. The author's aim is to show how the song is related to the Indian life and the Indian story. Music is the constant emotional expression of the Indian. When moved by intense feeling he breaks forth into song. He thus voices his joy and sorrow, his love and hate, his exultation in success, his despair in failure. Indian songs are, at first, always individual. They may be taken up from the individual and become the expression of feeling for a whole community. In being so taken up there is always some occasion, some incident, which leads to its acceptance. This occasion or incident is embodied in a story and most Indian songs—or many—have their associated story. It is not necessary that this story should be real history. It may be so, or it may be palpable myth, but it is told as true. Miss Fletcher presents a collection of songs with their associated stories. Of the thirty songs, thirteen are Omaha, six Pawnee, three Dakota, two Northwest coast, two Ponka and one each—Otoe, Arapaho, Pueblo, Mexican. Music, native words and translation are given for each song. Of her material Miss Fletcher says: "Many of the stories and songs in this little book are now for the first time published. All have been gathered directly from the people, in their homes, or as I have listened to the earnest voice of the native priest explaining the ancient ceremonials of his fathers. The stories are close translations, losing only a certain picturesqueness and vigor in their foreign guise, but the melodies are exactly as sung by the Indians." The book has interest for the popular circle for which it is intended and for the student.

The publisher's introduction briefly states of Mr. Carpenter's little book[1] that it is "a clear, concise and comprehensive view of Oriental thought and teaching. One reads in this small work what many have searched for through cumbrous volumes and often failed to find. It is coming more and more to be understood that the East has valuable knowledge for those earnest in the study of Life and it may prove that a coalition of Eastern and Western thought will aid in a solution of difficult problems." Mr. Carpenter writes an easy and interesting style. He really knew a Gnani in Ceylon and whether all that he presents in his book comes from that one Guru or not, it comes clear and fresh from Oriental sources. He gives us an interesting sketch of how men take up the life of meditation and renunciation, how they carry it out and how it affects them. He also outlines their philosophy. To our hard, practical, pushing, materialistic and scientific mode of thought the Eastern way seems absurd, dreamy and inconsistent. Yet fully one-half mankind looks at life that way and will continue to do so. We may do well to try to realize that way of viewing life. It will really be a great day for mankind when we come to appreciate that others, who have philosophies differing *in toto* from our own, are not fools and are entitled to respect and to freedom of opinion.

Dr. Ingram in *Outlines of the History of Religion*[2] disclaims originality. He desires only to present the views of Auguste Comte, "Founder of the Religion of Humanity." This he does in an unassuming and interesting fashion. The "History of Religion" of Comte and Ingram is a different matter from that of the anthropologist or student of comparative religion. To Comte and Ingram there is simply a constant unfolding from one stage to another, always in the direction of improvement. *L'homme devient de plus en plus religieux:* "Man becomes ever more religious." Fetichism, Polythecism, Monotheism—each has been a training and a discipline, not only religious but intellectual, social and moral, necessary, and, on the whole, progressive. The future holds better things. The book breathes sincerity and honesty and the author is an amiable soul. There is pathos in this passage in his Introduction—"Long a silent student and observer of the wants and tendencies of my time, and regarding myself as under an implied contract not to interfere with the religious ideas of the young persons whose literary instruction was intrusted to me, I do not, now that I am free from any such obligation, feel justified in continuing this reticence to the end."

FREDERICK STOW.

* *The Soul of Man:* Paul Carus. Open Court Co., Chicago, 1900. 8vo, pp. xviii., 482. $0.75.

** *Kant and Spencer:* Paul Carus. Open Court Co., Chicago, 1899. 8vo., pp. 101. $0.20.

*** *Temple Cyclopaedic Primers:* 32mo., cloth, uniform. J. M. Dent and Co., London. The MacMillan Co., New York. Three numbers, *The Greek Drama:* pp. xi., 114. *Roman History:* pp. viii., 160. *Ethnology:* pp. viii., 169.

**** *Indian Story and Song from North America:* Alice C. Fletcher. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1900. 12mo. pp. xiv. 126. $1.50.

†*A Visit to a Gnani:* Edward Carpenter. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago sm. 8vo. pp. 134. $1.00.

†† *Outlines of the History of Religion:* John K. Ingram. Adam and Charles Black, London: The MacMillan Co., New York, 1900. 16mo. pp. 162. $1.25.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 er annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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The True Man.

All men are not men.—Proverb.

Great men are the true men, the men in whom nature has succeeded.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

How strange and wonderful the thought of man,
A creature with the power to think so true;
Whose lower life to this divineness grew—
In working out a wisely ordered plan,
That through the fire-mist as a whisper ran—
And to itself the force of nature drew,
Until the earth with joy her master knew;
And here he is to rule as knowledge can!
How rich and robust he, with passions strong;
A dreamer and a worker giant great;
Lover of rule, of wealth, and sweetest song;
Soldier of right against the ills of fate;
This is the story of the human race,
That we with scientist and poet trace!

The story one of growth, of grasping move—
By innate power enfolded in the seed;
Invention following fast discovered need,
While simple facts become the scholar's love,
And fear is taught it may with love adore,
And nature as a book of beauty read;
While faith and hope replace the heart of greed,
And here and now we see the heavenly shore!
So souls that bend their energies divine—
To work with nature in artistic dream,
At last as her translucent crystals shine;
They mold to life-like flowers her golden gleam,
They are the men she seeks to have below,
Her perfectness and purpose fair to show!

O thrill, my soul, with rapture of the gain,
Millenniums have won of manhood's might;
Behold true men as inner heaven of light;
They show to thee the path of virtue plain—
To scorn the vice of ease, the fear of pain;
They say, "Shine forth, O star, in gloom of night!"
They cry, "Have care alone for what is right,
And truth at price of death with joy maintain!"
Still in my way, this banner bold to bear,
Let me pursue the humble round of life;
Let me for manhood true all danger dare,
And count it glory struggling in the strife;
For thus the blessedness of earth and sky,
As God's revealing vision meets my eye!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A Prophecy.

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved me!" then rise and trip away.

Walter Savage Landor.

Don't Let the Song Go Out of Your Life.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though your voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in your throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Ah! it never would need to go,
If with thought more true and a broader view,
We looked at this life below.

Oh! Why should we moan that life's springtime has flown,
Or sigh for the fair summer time?
The autumn hath days filled with pæans of praise,
And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
Let it ring in the soul while here,
And when you go hence it shall follow you thence,
And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you knew a song that was true,
Its music is still your own.

—*Kate R. Stiles in The Transcript.*

Notice.

Bloomington, Ill., June 23, 1900.

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Dear Mr. Editor—In the recent disastrous fire in this city, in which all the buildings on five blocks in the heart of the city were destroyed, the Public School Publishing Company lost its subscription list, and large accumulations of valuable records besides. It will be a favor for which we shall feel very grateful if you will make mention of the above fact, and request all your readers who may be subscribers to School and Home Education to send to the Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Ill., at once, their names and addresses and the date of expiration of their subscription as nearly as they can remember it. It will be impossible for us to send the journal to those to whom it is due without this information. The next number of School and Home Education will be published on September 1. Very truly yours,

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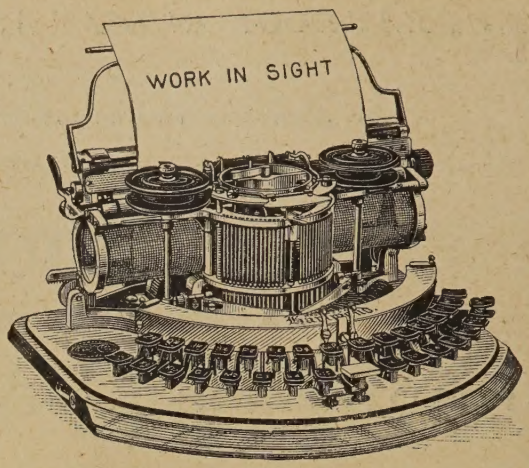

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VACATION IS THE SEASON OF FELLOWSHIP.

SUMMER is the time for constructive and not destructive work, for synthesis, not analysis. It is hard to keep the consciousness of denominational lines when out of doors. These reasons have unconsciously entered into the life blood of the Chautauqua movements and the out of door assemblies. Their very existence depends upon their inclusiveness and undogmatic life. In the interest of this undenominational love of truth and life, a part of the great summer university under the trees, the Tower Hill Summer School will hold its eleventh session of five weeks, beginning July 15th and ending August 18th. The leading features of the summer's work will be as follows:

Literature and Art. Forenoons first two weeks — Mr. Jones, Leader— the pre-Raphaelites, the Rossettis, William Morris, Burne-Jones, George F. Watts: their thought as represented in poetry, picture and reform, with a side glance at the Keltic element in English poetry.

Third week, forenoons. The dramas of Victor Hugo, by Miss Annie Mitchel of Chicago, as follows: 1. The Preface and Drama of Cromwell. 2. Hernani; Marion de Lorme; Ruy Blas. 3. Le Roi s' amuse; Lucrèce Borgia. 4. Marie Tudor; La Esmeralda; Angelo. 5. Les Burgraves; Torquemada. (Find English Translation in the Bohn Library, "Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo," 1 vol, 80c.)

Fourth week, forenoons. The Apocryphal Literature, or the Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testaments, under the leadership of Mr. Jones.

Fifth week, forenoons, by Mr. Jones. Furthur Intercourse with the Master Bards: Browning, Emerson, Whitman.

Science. The afternoons will be given to a quiet study of science at short range—field, forest and stream studies near at hand. Prof. L. S. Cheney of the University of Wisconsin, Secretary of the recent Forestry Commission of the State, will help in the study of trees. Prof. Marshall, of the U. of W. will give a week to the study of insect life. Dr. Libby of the same University will conduct bird classes. Prof. Perisho, of the Platteville Normal School, local geology. T. R. Lloyd Jones, teacher of science in the Hillside Home School, will give some glimpses of the wild life in the vicinity, in scales and furs. All these studies will be carried on with aid of Black-board, stereopticon and the real things alive or dead.

Stereopticon. It is hoped to awaken special interest in the New Hunting: catching without killing. All encouragements will be given to amateur photographers; and if they carry their achievements far enough the result of their hunting and catching will, from time to time, be shown through the lantern. Among the slides already arranged for are illustrations of bird life, through the courtesy of the Audobon Society; views from Glastonbury to Stonehenge; Victor Hugo's Les Miserables; illustrated lecture on John Brown; Illustrated lecture on the late lamented artist Munkacsy; the pictures of Burne-Jones, Watts, the Rossettis and other representatives of their school.

Lectures. One or two a week on subjects related to the work including two or three lectures on Ruskin and one on Dante by H. M. Simmons of Minneapolis.

General Features of the Tower Hill Encampment.

From First of July to Middle of September outside of the Summer School.

Vesper Readings each Sunday, including interpretative readings of Shelley's Skylark, Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra and Saul, Kipling's McAndrew's Hymn, Henry Van Dyke's The Toiling of Felix, and other masterpieces.

Grove Meetings for three Sundays, with basket dinner. In the Spirit of the Congress of Religion, possibly under the auspices of the Wisconsin committee.

Readings on the porch of Westhope cottage, generally one hour each morning when the summer school is not in session. Tolstoi, Ruskin and William Morris will be the authors most in hand.

Drives and Walks. A new barn is being erected at Tower Hill. Boarders can arrange for riding and driving at reasonable rates.

TERMS.

Registration fee entitling to all the privileges of Summer School $5 00. Board in Dining hall, $4.00 per week.

Room in Long House for one or two, $3.00 per week or $20.00 for the season, from July 1st to September 15th, 1900.

Particulars concerning cottages, tents will be furnished by letter.

Excursion rates, round trip, good from June 1st to October 1st, from Chicago to Spring Green $8.00. Tower Hill Buck Board will meet all trains when advice is given before hand. Fare 25c, Trunks 25c.

Tower Hill is situated three miles from Spring Green, Wis., a station on the Prairie Du Chien Division, of C. M & St. P. Ry.

Trains leave the Union Depot, corner of Canal and Adams Sts., Chicago, at 9 a. m., reaching Spring Green at 4 p. m. and at 3 p. m., arriving at 10 p. m.

For further particulars concerning location board, tents, horses, etc., write to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago, after July 1st at Spring Green, Wis.

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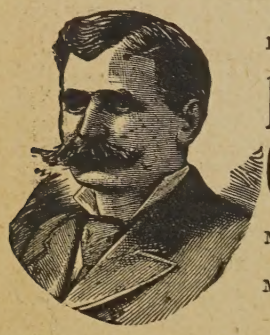

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